

Rugburn by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Cigarette Smoking, M/M, So idk if it will escalate to porn, Theres nothing inherently sexual about this its just kinda floating somewhere there, brief mention of boners towards the end i guess

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

In which Jonathan and Steve are gay and dating, and Steve's got a pretty nasty habit. Jonathan does not approve. Gay shit ensues.

Rugburn

Author's Note:

EDIT (11/6/17): I cleaned up my writing a little bit, changed a few things, and added just a teeeeeeny bit more to this chapter b/c it's really been fucking bothering me these past few weeks.

Jonathan had never smoked, nor had he ever planned to do so in his life, but right now it was tempting. A white cigarette hung loosely at the corner of Steve's lips, and Jonathan couldn't help but stare. He was so deeply in love with the taller boy — everything about him was photo-worthy. Unfortunately for him, Jonathan had left his camera at home, since his visit to Steve's wasn't exactly planned.

Being a lazy Saturday, Steve and Jonathan both had nothing to do. Jonathan figured he'd just stay home and help his mom out with something, as she always needed help around the house. But Steve had called him and invited him over, and since merely being around Steve made Jon's knees weak, he eagerly accepted. Now they were both lying on Steve's father's expensive faux bear skin rug that was planted at the center of the living room, not even taking up half of it's space, and Steve, of course, was having a smoke.

As much as Jonathan hated smoking, he never said anything about it. Nearly everyone he knew smoked: his parents, the Chief, and half the kids at his school including his boyfriend. He never understood the appeal. All the shit does is give you cancer, right? But like always, he never spoke up.

Although he'd never say it out loud, he thought smoking was super hot. Especially when Steve was doing it.

"Baby," Steve mumbled, rolling onto his stomach and throwing his feet in the air like a child, "Let's do something. I'm bored as fuck." Up until then, it was completely silent in the room besides their breathing. Jonathan liked it that way; he enjoyed being quiet and just taking in the presence of his boyfriend. Steve liked it too, but sometimes the plain silence annoyed him.

“You knew damn well that we wouldn’t have anything to do if you just randomly invited me over.” Jonathan’s lips split to reveal wide, toothy smile, cracking an eye open and peeking to his side to watch Steve as he lit his cigarette.

“Yeah, but I was lonely and I missed you.”

“I literally saw you yesterday at school!” Jonathan threw his arms up and opened both eyes fully. Steve really was too adorable for him.

“But... Jonathaaaaaaaan...” Steve moaned loudly, kicking his feet. Gently gripping the base of his cig with his thumb and index finger, he took a long drag before pulling it away from his lips and blowing the cloud of smoke directly in Jonathan’s face.

“You’re no fun.”

Jonathan coughed lightly and fanned the smoke out of his face, becoming slightly annoyed. Still, he said nothing, and instead flipped himself over to face Steve the right way and grabbed his wrist before he could place the cigarette onto his mouth again. He suddenly planted his lips on his boyfriend’s, holding Steve’s wrist away from their faces, all in an attempt to stop him from smoking.

Jonathan hated the smell of cigarette smoke, but being so used to the scent, it didn’t really matter to him anymore. The kiss was short-lived and no longer than a few seconds, and soon enough Steve had snatched his wrist out of Jonathan’s grip and placed the cigarette back between his lips to take another drag.

“Will you stop that already?” Jonathan raised his voice, turning and lying on his back once again and staring at the ceiling, brows furrowed in frustration.

“What? Am I annoying you?” Steve asked with a cocky smile, smoke seeping past his lips as he spoke. He loved to annoy Jonathan, his reactions were always so damn priceless, even if Jonathan hated it. He stubbed his cigarette out on the rough carpet beneath them and flicked the butt across the room somewhere, much to Jonathan’s disgust. But before he had the time to complain, Steve had crawled into Jonathan’s lap, straddling his waist. He placed a hand on his

chest to keep himself steady as he looked Jonathan in the eyes without saying a word.

There was silence, again, but this time not the kind that Jonathan liked. It was the "sexual tension" kind of silence.

He looked down at Steve's face — at his naturally arched eyebrows, intentionally avoiding his eyes, down to the pointed slope of his nose, and finally the gentle, supple curve of Steve's plump bottom lip.

Steve rocked back slightly (undoubtedly intentional), and the very tip of his jean-clad ass rubbed at Jonathan's crotch, earning a shiver from him. Jonathan narrowed his eyes as they finally met Steve's, and he smirked a little wider as Jonathan's frown dipped further down his cheeks.

"Get your mind out of the gutter, Byers!" Steve teased, leaning a little further back as he pulled another cigarette from the left pocket of his denim jacket.

Author's Note:

Hey, so i probably wont finish this :(But if you really liked it, leave a suggestion perhaps?